



## The Lament &c.

It might be said that Delight  
On this side the heart can be found,  
The love which such couples unite,  
And that by my hand is known'd.

## Song III.

### The Lover.

**W**HILEST on the dear Refuse lying,  
Ode, who can break my mind?  
O that my heart I could convey  
When the body is still  
Every look with Love infused  
Every word with Love infused  
Every sigh with Love infused  
Every tear with Love infused  
That the Love I have for thee  
For my heart is true  
And my heart is true  
When the body is still  
Look not to the world  
Ode, I have no more  
Yet never shall I be true  
Who'd not be true to thee?

### THE LAMENT &c.

### The Lover.

THE heart is true  
Who'd not be true to thee?



# The Lovers' Song

5

My longing eyes have been so long  
 Their only wish to see you  
 But now, my Della, will you tell  
 The man you've had in love  
 Will love in all your future years  
 And trouble not your tongue  
 Will you to every heart declare  
 Your love is still the same,  
 And had such shy sweet words  
 Our fears in silence frame  
 Then, Della, when I gaze on you  
 When we first parted here,  
 And say what you would have  
 Of having me to share  
 But first, my dear, from the heart  
 I would have you know  
 You have my heart and soul  
 All of me, my love, all of me  
 No more to give or take  
 But please me, my dear, as you please  
 In the end, my love, you shall see

**THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY**

To the highway, I have come  
Of this house, I have come  
But now, my friends,  
The time has come  
When we must go  
And leave this place  
To the highway, I have come

## THE ANTI-TRUST MOVEMENT

# The Librarian

... of the ...  
... of the ...

See around the ...  
Mark, ...  
Take the ...  
Now's the time ...

... ..

Love returns the ...  
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Thank you, ...  
This is ...

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When they find you fond believers,  
Triumph o'er wounded hearts,

If a fellow-traveler you,  
O beware his subtle wiles!  
All his smiles are treachery,  
Ruin lurks beneath his smiles.

Let the youth, whose transient passion  
Seems the means of deceit,  
Warm with mutual inclination,  
Render all your joys complete.

## Song VIII.

*In the Month of the Year.*

**W**HY enter the wilderness, lest you  
The pleasures of his society find  
To tempt the danger of the law,  
And closer than prison than death  
Midst freezing cold, and scorching heat?

He knows the danger, knows the pain,  
The length of way, but thinks it worth  
The thoughts of what he hopes to gain,  
Undaunted makes his onward march.

SONNET. LXXXV. and over.

*The Shepherd.*

NO more the festive train I'll join,  
Adieu! ye rural sports, Adieu!  
For what, alas, have griefs like mine,  
With passions or delights to do?  
Let hours at ease such pleasures prove,  
But I am all despair and love.

Ah! well-a-day, how chang'd am I!

When late I fed the rural mob,  
So full of life, the herds had bred  
Sweet granges, and flocks to feed  
But now my flocks are lost, and gone,  
They are all dead, despair and love.

Behold, even my faithful sheep,  
Which I fed once upon the hill,  
No flock to guide, no dog to keep,  
Unborn they stray, nor mark'd by me;  
The shepherds mute to see them pass,  
That all the cause, I never love.

Nothing but grief has taught my eyes,  
With tears of anguish to o'erflow;  
Tears that which fill'd my heart with

And now my flock is lost, and gone.

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Love has occasion'd all my smart,  
Dispos'd my flesh, and broke my heart.

**Song X.**

*The Lover's Petition.*

**F**AIRER than the op'ning lillies,  
Sweeter than the morning rose,  
Are the blooming charms of Phillis,  
Richer sweets does she disclose.

Long since from Cupid's pow'r,  
His weapons had laid me waste,  
Till in one fatal hour,  
His darts did my soul invade.

O cruel god of pleasing anguish,  
From whom I feel, I bleed, I burn,  
Teach, O teach the world to languish,  
So like fair Phillis in her turn.

From that torment in her breast,  
Learn to play the fortune teller,  
And to give her lovers rest,  
Kindly heal the wound as mine.

## The Lines of

## Song XIV

## The Tender Lover.

In vain you tell your parting love,  
You will, fair winds may waft me  
over.

Alas, what winds can happy prove,  
That tear me far from her I love!  
Alas, what dangers on the main,  
Can cost those which I gain,  
From lighted vows, and cold diffidence!

Be gentle, and be shy, choose,  
To with the wild, ungentle, bold,  
That shewn once were with the good,  
Then, but, my this wreck'd heart to

Song XIII.

**I**S Charm then my own?  
Oh! the joy beyond expressing!  
Fickle Fortune, fickle or frown,  
Still I'm happy her possessing.

Deck'd with each bewitching charm,  
Ev'ry look and motion's taking;  
She has eyes the dead might warm,  
When she talks an angel's speaking.

Hither from Italian groves,  
Hither come ye smiles and graces,  
With a thousand little loves,  
To aid our fond embraces.

Haste, the downy couch prepare,  
All unconscious guests attending;  
Banish noise, and pain and care,  
Pleasure only here is young.

Song XIV.

**T**HE Sinner w'd of woe's chains,  
Perfumes the chain of hellish joys,  
And leaves the good and true,  
But if the beauty's transient smile,  
Or turns with conversation he grows  
And darts upon the soul.



# THE LINDA

## Song XV.

*From the Lind's Shepherd.*

VOWS of love should ever bind  
Men who live to honour true;  
They must have a savage mind  
Who refuse to fall their due.

Scorn'd and hated may they be,  
Who from constancy do swerve;  
So may ev'ry nymph agree,  
All such faithless means to serve.

## Song XVI.

*From the Lind's Shepherd.*

BY my faith, you may discover  
What lost words teach my heart;  
You can look and see each tear,  
What the tongue will not impart.

What words you may reveal  
What words you may reveal  
What words you may reveal  
What words you may reveal

ON A LIND

## Song XVII.

Clorinda.

**P**SHAW! tell me no more of the lily,  
 The violet, carnation and rose,  
 You never can think me so lily,  
 To match my Clorinda with those.

The lily all-beauteous to-day,  
 To-morrow will wither and fade;  
 Pinks, roses and violets decay,  
 But mine, my adorable maid.

Her charms will grow, I will confess,  
 More bright and brighter each day;  
 For virtue and candour are true,  
 In their nature, and never decay.

## Song XVIII.

The Sea.

**G**RANT me to pass to a distant shore,  
 I long to leave this world, and all its cares,  
 Where I may see my home,  
 And take the pleasure of my days.

## The Maiden

Deerly'd by the great and good,  
My hours shall sweetly pass away;  
While conscious of my full reward,  
Cheerful I hail the evening day.

And if I may select the maid,  
From all the fates for aye below,  
May shall be gloriouly convey'd,  
Whole beauties bid my bosom glow.

At length when life is in decline,  
Celestial mansions be my view,  
Without a groan my breath resign,  
And peaceful bid the world adieu.

## Song XIX.

FAIR's my Lucy to the day,  
Brighter than the morning May  
Could revels in her eye,  
On her lips rich roses lay.

When she moves, 'tis June's walk,  
When she speaks, 'tis May's talk,  
When she sings, 'tis April's strain,  
Bright as dawn, soft as heretofore.

Charm within her every eye,  
That with all her world of charms;  
Let her face be all that I desire,  
And my heart be all that I desire.

# Book IX.

**M**Y jockey is the blythest lad,  
 I have not seen a happier world;  
 When he speaks, my heart is glad,  
 For he is kind and good;  
 He talks of love whenever we meet,  
 His words in raptures flow,  
 Then tunes his pipe, and sings so sweet,  
 I have no pow'r to go.

When other ladies he forsakes,  
 And flies to me alone,  
 My envy dies, and other wishes  
 I hear the maidens sing  
 Of love and toys and sweet music too,  
 And sighs for my dear boy,  
 What could was ever half so true,  
 As half so kind and good?

Where'er I go, I seek his face,  
 My jockey is his joy,  
 For I share all his care;  
 Whenever danger's nigh,  
 He vows to save me, Whichever day,  
 And make me glad for ever;  
 Can I refuse, ye maidens say,  
 To be young Jockey's love?

# The Lovers

## Song XII

*Sweet Pastor of Love*

**T**HIS cold busy heart it is you who  
have warm'd.  
You have wak'd my passion, my love  
have charm'd.  
In vain would I seek and vain I know  
What a life without passion, love, passion  
of love I

The soft sun the buds, and the soft  
cherry blow,  
From youth that is full-sung, we know  
can love.  
Elysium to him but a desert will prove,  
What a life without passion, love, passion  
of love I

The spring should be warm, the young  
should be gay,  
The birds and the flowers make love  
the day.  
Love makes the world, and love that  
the day  
What a life without passion, love, passion  
of love I

Song XXII

**A** Dull Humble Bee am I,  
That roves the garden sunny,  
From flow'r to flow'r I creep and fly,  
And ev'ry flow'r's my honey:  
Bright Chloe with her golden hair,  
A while my rich tongue is,  
'Till cloy'd with sucking nectar there,  
I shift to rosy Phillis.

But Phillis's sweet op'ning breast,  
Excites not long my passion,  
For Kary must be now adrest,  
My Kary breathes a carnation:  
For Kary's fragrant bed I lie,  
To other flow'rs I'm true,  
And all in vain, my love I try,  
The gay, wild garden crew.

Wholly this knows no more,  
My ravine honey comb,  
And oh what Pains I am in,  
In delicate water to drown,  
For as I am in want of  
Sweet honey, and that I know,  
I'll sit and wait till I can find  
And ev'ry flow'r is my enemy.

The Legend of the

Song XIII

THE silver moon's chamber'd beam  
Shed light on the night,  
To waken with the winding Auld,  
And kiss reflected light.  
To beds of fate go hazy sleep,  
(Tis where you're taken then)  
May's vigil whilst the shepherds keep,  
With Kate of Abercorn?

Upon the green the virgin waits  
In robes of chastity,  
Till moon and sun her golden eyes  
And give the promise May.  
Methinks I hear the maids declare,  
The promise's May when found,  
Not half so sweet, half so fair,  
As Kate of Abercorn,  
Sings on the labor's boldest notes,  
Well known to working girls,  
The melody shall come then,  
And half the world I have to tell,  
And half the world I have to tell,  
The Kate of Abercorn.

Now lightness o'er the land spread,  
 Where merriment fairly move,  
 Like them the second dance we'll lend,  
 Or tune the road to love.  
 For see the rosy May drives nigh:  
 She claims a virgin's right;  
 And hath the happy conquest won,  
 'Tis Ruth of Abundant.

### Song XLIV.

The Bird's Fair.

**P**HEEN'S manner strikes the Maid,  
 To the lyrid's call she goes,  
 And the singer's voice she loves,  
 Come and join the Bird's Fair.  
 Chiefs through haunts the Maid observes,  
 Born to conquer and to love,  
 Were not gallant, were not brave,  
 'Till commanded by the Fair.  
 All the works of words or work,  
 Which the sun of air possess,  
 Have no pleasure, life or love,  
 But as heaven's from the Fair.  
 Reason is as weak as passion,  
 But if you for truth desire,



The Shepherd

Worth and treasure of the nation, all  
Favour'd by the British King his son

Song XXV.

Infancy.

IN infancy our hopes and fears  
Were to each other known,

And friendship in our first years

Has twin'd our hearts in one:

Oh clear him from this vision

Thy love, thy duty give,

Refuse him to that love

Which first was of my love

In infancy our hopes and fears

Were to each other known,

And friendship in our first years

Has twin'd our hearts in one:

Oh clear him from this vision

Thy love, thy duty give,

Refuse him to that love

Which first was of my love

As happy more than happy state

Which hearts are twin'd in one

Yet few, in right we can see

May what the world calls love

By our wide world's surface fall,  
And all that's in the world;  
In vain we fight, in vain we call;  
Too late is human aid.

XXVI

Song XXVI

The Thrush.

SWEET thrush that mak'st the vernal  
Sweetest than Flora can appear,  
As Pheasant's courtship they say,  
She invites the return of day,  
The tuneful lute, and sweetest flute,  
As thy rich warbling shall be heard,  
Vocal minstrel, thy full lay  
Tuneless up, and down the May.

Hark how the blackbird warbles long  
The full & measure of his song,  
On thorn as passionately sung,  
A cadence for the soul's song, and oft  
Sustains and softens every note,  
A virgin to his queen,  
Nature's music thus improves,  
All the green world and love.

## Song XXVII.

**N**OW the birds and pinions sing  
 And hunters and woodpeckers warble their  
 Love:  
 No longer, my Pheebe, in secret remain,  
 But haste from retirement, and meet your  
 fond Iam.

Enjoy the gay Italian, & let tropic  
 Gay summer invite, and your Celia  
 To love, & let the heat of day  
 Be your daily life, the hour's my

Love, & let the heat of day  
 Be your daily life, the hour's my  
 Love, & let the heat of day  
 Be your daily life, the hour's my

Love, & let the heat of day  
 Be your daily life, the hour's my  
 Love, & let the heat of day  
 Be your daily life, the hour's my

## Song XXVIII

LXXXI

WHEN first simple Stephen  
 Was touch'd by your eyes' invisible  
 dart,  
 Tho' urg'd by his passion the nymph to  
 pursue,  
 His courage could only say—  
 you do!

But finding love's fire to burn very  
 strong,  
 And hoping, her heart would be touch'd  
 for 'twas long,  
 With a bow and a smile, he began to woo,  
 And taking her hand cry'd—  
 How d'you do!

Observing this freedom and loose talk,  
 He ventur'd her lips to salute with a kiss,  
 Then vow'd that such pleasure being  
 not er known,  
 And kiss'd her again with a softer  
 you do!

Grown bold with success, he soon beg'd  
 of the fair,  
 To take a walk with him, if matters not  
 where.

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## The Linnet, &c.

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When somehow or other, 'tis certainly  
true,  
He tickled her heart with a---How do you  
do?

Well pleas'd with the frolick, they eve-  
ry day  
Past their time in repeating the amorous  
play;  
But when he's too faint the soft sport to  
renew,  
She archly will cry out----Pray, how do  
you do?

Take the hint, O ye youths, who now  
suffer love's smart,  
With courage pursue, if you'd gain the  
nymph's heart;  
By fighting and whining you'll neer bring  
them to,  
Then briskly advance with a---How do  
you do?

## Song XXIX.

ASK if yon damask rose be sweet,  
That scents the ambient air;  
Then ask each shepherd that you meet,  
If dear Susanna's fair.

D

Say, will the vulture leave his prey,  
 And wander thro' the grove?  
 Bid wanton linnæ quit the spray,  
 Then doubt thy shepherd's love.

The spoil of war let heroes share,  
 Let pride in splendor shine;  
 Ye birds unenvy'd laurels wear,  
 Be dear Susanna mine.

### Song XXX.

**A**H! why must words my flame reveal?  
 What need my Damon bid me tell,  
 What all my actions prove?  
 A blush whene'er I meet his eye,  
 Whene'er I hear his name, a sigh  
 Betrays my secret love.

In all their sports upon the plain,  
 My eyes still fix'd on him remain,  
 And him alone approve:  
 The rest unheeded dance and play,  
 From all he steals my praise away,  
 And can he doubt my love!

Whene'er we meet, my looks confess  
 The joys which all my soul possess,  
 And ev'ry care remove;



Still, still too short appears his stay,  
The moments fly too fast away,  
Too fast for my fond love.

Does any speak in Damon's praise?  
So pleas'd am I with all he says,  
I ev'ry word approve:  
But is he blam'd, altho' in jest?  
I feel resentment fire my breast,  
Alas! because I love.

But Oh! what tortures tear my heart,  
When I suspect his looks impart  
The least desire to rove!  
I hate the world that gives me pain,  
Yet him to love I strive in vain,  
For Ah! that hate is love.

Then ask not words, but read my eyes,  
Believe my blushes, trust my sighs,  
My passion these will prove:  
Words oft deceive, and spring from art,  
The true expression of my heart  
To Damon, must be love.

## Song XXXI.

**F**OR ever, Fortune, wilt thou prove  
 An unrelenting foe to love ?  
 And when we meet a mutual heart,  
 Come in between and bid us part ?  
 Bid us fight on from day to day,  
 And with and with our souls away :  
 'Till youth and genial years are flown,  
 And all the *Life of Love* is gone ?

But busy, busy still art thou,  
 To bind the loveless, joyless vow ;  
 The heart from pleasure to delude,  
 To bind the gentle with the rude :—  
 For once, O Fortune, hear my pray'r,  
 And I absolve thy future care ;  
 All other blessings I resign,  
 Make but the dear Amanda mine.

## Song XXXII.

**W**HY heaves my fond bosom ? Oh !  
 what does it mean ?  
 Why flutters my heart that was once so  
 serene ?  
 Why this sighing and trembling, when  
 Daphne is near ?  
 And why, when she's absent, this sorrow  
 and fear ?



The Linnet, &c. 29

For ever, methinks, I with wonder  
could trace  
The thousand soft charms that embellish  
thy face :  
Each moment I view thee, new beauties I  
find ;  
With thy face I am charm'd, but enslav'd  
by thy mind.

Untainted by folly, unsully'd by pride,  
There nature, good-humour and virtue re-  
side :  
Pray Heav'n that thy virtue thy soul may  
supply  
With compassion for him who without  
thee must die.

Song XXXIII.

*The Dust-Cart. A Cantata.*

*Recitative.*

AS tink'ring Tom thro' streets his  
trade did cry,  
He saw his lovely Sylvia passing by ;  
On dust-cart high advanc'd, the nymph  
was plac'd,  
With the rich cynders round her lovely  
waist ;

Tom with up-lifted hands th' occasion  
blest.

And thus, in soothing terms, the maid ad-  
drest.

*Air.*

O Sylvia while you drive your carts,  
To pick up dust, you steal our hearts;  
You take our dust, and steal our hearts.

That mine is gone, alas, 'tis true,  
And dwells among the dust with you.

O lovely Sylvia, ease my pain,  
Give me the heart you stole, again.

Give me the heart,  
Out of your cart;

Give me the heart you stole, again.

*Recitativo.*

Sylvia, advanc'd above the rabble-rout,  
Exulting, roll'd her sparkling eyes about  
She heav'd her swelling breast, as black  
dew.

And look'd disdain on little folks below.  
To Tom she nodded, as the cart drew on  
And then resolv'd to speak, she cry'd—  
John.

*Br.*

Shall I who ride above the rest,  
Be by a paltry croud oppress?  
Ambition now my soul does fire,  
The youths shall languish and admire;  
And ev'ry girl with anxious heart,  
Shall long to ride in my Dust-Cart.

Song . XXXIV.

*The Female Photon.*

**F**AIR Kitty, beautiful and young,  
And wild as colt unman'd,  
Bespoke the fair from whom she sprung,  
With little rage contain'd:  
Enam'd with rage, at sad restraint,  
Which will manum ordain'd,  
And sorely wou'd to play the saint,  
While wit and beauty reign'd.

Must Lady Jenny trife about,  
And chat with her cousins?  
At balls must she make all the rout,  
And bring home hearts by dozens?  
What has she better, pray, than I,  
What hidden charms to boast?  
That all mankind for her must die,  
Whilst I am scarce a coaft.

Dear, dear Mamma, for once let me,  
 Unchain'd, my passion try ;  
 I'll have my earl as well as she,  
 Or know the reason why :  
 Kind love prevail'd, Mamma gave way,  
 Kitty at heart's desire,  
 Obtain'd the chariot for a day,  
 And set the world on fire.

## Song XXXV.

**T**WAS when the seas were roaring,  
 With hollow blasts of wind,  
 A damsel lay deploring,  
 All on a rock reclin'd :  
 Wide o'er the foaming billows,  
 She cast a wishful look,  
 Her head was crown'd with willows,  
 That trembled o'er the brook.

Twelve months are gone and over,  
 And nine long tedious days ;  
 Why didst thou, vent'rous lover,  
 Why didst thou trust the seas ?  
 Cease, cease then, cruel ocean,  
 And let my lover rest ;  
 Ah ! what's thy troubled motion,  
 To that within my breast !

The Linnet, &c.

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The merchant rob'd of treasure,  
Views tempests in despair:  
But what's the loss of treasure,  
To losing of my dear?  
Should you some coast be laid on,  
Where gold and diamonds grow,  
You'd find a richer maiden,  
But none that loves you so.

How can they say that nature  
Has nothing made in vain?  
Why then, beneath the water,  
Do hideous rocks remain?  
No eyes those rocks discover,  
That lurk beneath the deep:  
To wreck the wandering lover,  
And leave the maid to weep.

All-melancholy lying,  
I thus wail'd she for her dear,  
Repaid each blast with sighing,  
Each billow with a tear:  
When o'er the white waves floating,  
His floating corpse she spy'd;  
Then, like a lily sleeping,  
She lay down—and dy'd.



## Song XXXVI.

IANTHE the lovely, the joy of the plain,  
By Iphis was lov'd, and lov'd Iphis;

She liv'd in the youth, and the youth in  
in the fair,

Their pleasures were equal, and equal  
their care:

No delight, no enjoyment their dotage  
withdrew,

But the longer they liv'd, still the fonder  
they grew.

A passion so happy alarm'd all the plain,  
Some envy'd the union, but none envy'd  
the train;

Some swore 'twould be pity their loves to  
invade,

That the lovers alone for each other were  
made;

But all, all consented, That none eye  
knew

A nymph be more kind, or a shepherd  
more true.

Love saw them with pleasure, and  
vow'd to like care

Of the faithful, the tender, the innocent  
pair;

# The Limer, &c.

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What either might want, he had either  
 But they wanted nothing, but ever to  
 He had all to love them his  
 That they still should be kind, and they  
 still should be true.

## Song XXXVII

**Y**OUNG Dorcas, an artless swain,  
 And Daphne, guide of western plain,  
 Their flocks together drove  
 Gay youth sat smiling on his side  
 She no less than he by grace  
 Yet neither thought of love  
 With equal joy each sought the same  
 At mid-day took the same retreat,  
 And thence in company  
 At evening hour  
 Together  
 But not a word of love  
 Hence mutual friendship  
 Till love in heart  
 Like bill to bill  
 Both feel the same which both conceal  
 Both wish the other would reveal  
 Yet neither speak of love

She hung with rapture o'er his sense,  
He doted on her innocence,

Thus each did each approve :  
They vow'd, and all their vows observ'd,  
The maid was true, the swain ne'er  
fev'ry'd,

When ev'ry word was love.

### Song XXXVIII.

**M**Y days have been so wond'rous  
free,

The little birds that fly,  
With careless ease from tree to tree,  
Were but as black as I.

Ask gliding waters if a tear  
Of mine increas'd their stream;  
Or ask the passing gales if e'er  
I leav'd a sigh to them.

But now my former days retire,  
And I'm by beauty caught ;  
The tender chains of soft desire,  
Are fix'd upon my thought ;  
An eager hope, within my breast,  
Does ev'ry doubt controul,  
And lovely Nancy stands confess'd,  
The fav'rite of my soul.

Ye nightingales, ye twitting pines,  
Ye swains that haunt the grove,



Ye gentle echoes, breezy winds,  
Ye close retreats of love ;  
With all of nature, all of art,  
Assist the dear design,  
O teach a young unpractis'd heart,  
To make her ever mine.

The very thought of change I hate,  
As much as of despair,  
And hardly covet to be great,  
Unless it be for her :  
'Tis true the passion in my mind,  
Is mixt with soft distress ;  
Yet while the fair I love is kind,  
I cannot wish it less.

But if she treats me with disdain,  
And slighte my well-meant love,  
Or looks with pleasure on my pain,  
A pain she won't remove :  
Farewell ye birds and lonely pines,  
Adieu to greens and sights !  
I'll leave my passion to the winds,  
Love unreturn'd——soon dies.

## Song XXXIX.

**H**AD I but the wings of a dove,  
Enraptur'd I'd hasten away,  
And quickly repair to my love,  
Whose bequest enliven the day.

Bring from the hands again,  
 Ye gods, her I ask for a wife,  
 Without her I'm ever in pain,  
 And relish no pleasure in life.

Ah cruel decree of hard fate!  
 To keep me so long from my fair:  
 Come pity my desolate state,  
 And banish all thoughts of despair:  
 With her, Oh, what scenes I enjoy,  
 Of mirth and good-humour all day!  
 Such blessings as never will cloy,  
 Nor cease till our souls leave the clay.

### Song XL.

'TIS Liberty, dear Liberty alone,  
 That gives fresh beauty to the face,  
 That makes all nature look more gay,  
 And lovely life with pleasure deal away.

Song XLI.

*The Gold-Finch to Chloe.*

*A young Lady, remarkably fond of the foregoing Song, had a Gold-Finch which us'd to hop about her handkerchief whilst she sung it; which at last flying away, utter'd the following words, by the Rev. Mr. G. L.*

**W**HILST to the distant vale I wing,  
Nor wait the slow return of spring,  
Rather in leafless groves to dwell,  
Than in my Chloe's warmer cell;  
Forgive me, mistress, since by thee,  
I first was taught "Sweet Liberty."

There round me when the feather'd choir  
Attentive listen, and admire;  
I'll tell upon the topmost bough,  
Thy sweetest notes improv'd my lay,  
And in my prison learn'd from thee,  
To warble forth "Sweet Liberty."

But in return for all thy care,  
May Thyris soon the loss repair:  
Like me in gaudy liv'ry dress,  
To Chloe's house welcome guest;  
With deep attention dwell on thee,  
And lose his own "Sweet Liberty."

## Song XLII.

*Delia.*

**W**ITH Delia ever could I stay,  
 Admire, adore her ev'ry day;  
 In the same field our flocks we'll feed,  
 To the same spring our heifers lead:  
 What joy where peace and love combine,  
 To make our days unclouded shine!

Teach me, ye muses, ev'ry art,  
 More deeply to engage her heart;  
 I strive not to resist my flame,  
 I glory in a captive's name;  
 Nor would I, if I could be free,  
 But boast my loss of liberty.

## Song XLIII.

**W**OULD you gain the tender crea-  
 ture?  
 Softly, gently, kindly treat her;  
 Suffering is the lover's part:  
 Beauty by constrain'd possessing,  
 You enjoy but half the blessing,  
 Lifeless charms, without the heart.

The Lament.

Song XLIV

*In the Opera of Athridates.*

**W**HERE is pity's melting eye,  
Beaming like the widow-dove,  
As the heaven a tender sign,  
Pining in the shady grove?

Can I bear the harp's rude knife?  
Plunge the dagger in his breast?  
Drain the purple stream of life?  
Wretched monarch, small distress!

Rise, parental fondness, rise!  
Hear, obey the last alarm,  
Thy infant lifts imploring eyes,  
Pity should thy rage disarm:

Where is nature's tender call?  
Where a father's dear delight?  
In death the wife and infant fall,  
Buried in eternal night!



The Libert, &c.

Song XLV.

*In Gymn.*

**O**H Liberty, Liberty, Liberty,  
Dear,—happy Liberty,  
Nothing's like thee :

So merry, so merry, so merry are we,  
My Linnet and I,  
From prison we're free,  
Away we'll fly,

To Liberty, Liberty, Liberty ;

Dear happy Liberty !

Nothing's like thee !

Nothing's like thee !

Song XLVI.

*Arno's Vale.*

**W**HEN here, Lucinda, first we came,  
Where Arno rolls his silver stream,  
How bliss the nymphs, the swains, how  
gay !

Content inspir'd each rural lay :

The birds in livelier concerts sung,

The grapes in thicker clusters hung ;

All look'd as joy could never fail,

Among the sweets of Arno's vale.

But since the good Palemon dy'd,  
 (The prince of shepherds, and their pride)  
 Now Arno's sons must all give place  
 To northern men, an iron race:  
 The taste of pleasure now is o'er,  
 Thy notes, Lucinda, please no more;  
 The muses droop, the goths prevail;  
 Adieu the sweets of Arno's vale!

## Song XLVII.

**G**O rose, my Chloe's bosom grace,  
 How happy should I prove,  
 Might I supply that envy'd place,  
 With never-fading love,

Thine Phoenix-like beneath her eyes  
 Involv'd in fragrance—burn and die.

Know, hapless flow'rs, that thou shalt find  
 More fragrant roses there;  
 I see thy with'ring head declining,  
 With envy and despair.

One common fate we both must prove,  
 You die with envy, I with love.



## Song XLVIII.

CYMON and IPHIGENIA.

*Recitative.*

**N**EAR a thick grove whose deep-embowring shade  
 Seem'd most for love and contemplation made,  
 A chrystal stream with gentle murmur flows,  
 Whole flow'ry banks are form'd for soft repose;  
 Thither retir'd from Phoebus sultry ray,  
 And lull'd in sleep, fair Iphigenia lay.  
 Cymon, a clown, who never dreamt of love,  
 By chance was stumping to the neighbouring grove;  
 He trudg'd along, unknowing what he sought,  
 And whistled as he went, for want of thought;  
 But when he first beheld the sleeping maid,  
 He gaz'd, he star'd, her lovely form survey'd,  
 And while with artless voice he softly sung,  
 Beauty and nature thus inform'd his tongue.

## The Linnets, &c.

*Al.*

The stream that glides in murmurs by,  
Whose glassy bosom shows the sky,  
Compleats the rural scene;

But in thy bosom, charming maid,  
All heav'n itself is sure display'd,  
Too lovely Iphigene.

*Recitativo.*

She wakes and starts, poor Cymon trem-  
bling stands,

Down falls the staff from his unnerved  
hands;

Bright excellence, said he, dispel all fear,  
Where honour's present sure no danger's  
near;

Half-rai'd, with gentle accent, she re-  
plies,

O Cymon! if 'tis you I need not rise;  
Thy honest heart no wrong can entertain,  
Pursue thy way, and let me sleep again.

The clown transported, was not silent  
long,

But thus, with ecstasy, pursu'd his song.

*Air.*

Thy jetty locks, that careless break,  
 In wanton ringlets down thy neck;  
 Thy love-inspiring mien;  
 Thy swelling bosom, skin of snow,  
 And taper shape enchant me so;  
 I die for Iphigene.

*Recitative.*

Amaz'd she listens, nor can trace from  
 whence  
 The former clod is thus inspir'd with  
 sense,  
 She gazes; finds him comely, tall, and  
 straight,  
 And thinks he might improve his awkward  
 gait;  
 Bids him be secret, and next day attend  
 At the same hour, to meet his faithful  
 friend:  
 Thus mighty love could teach a clown to  
 plead,  
 And nature's language, sweetest, will suc-  
 ceed.

*Air.*

Love's a pure, a sacred fire,  
 Kindling gentle, chaste desire;

Love can raise itself controul,  
And elevate the human soul:  
Depriv'd of that, our wretched state,  
Had made our lives of tedious date:  
But blest with beauty and with love,  
We taste what angels do above.

Song XLIX.

*Fancy.*

**F**ANCY leads the fetter'd senses,  
Captives to her fond controul;  
Merit may have rich pretences,  
But 'tis Fancy fires the soul.

Far beyond the bounds of meaning,  
Fancy flies, a fairy queen:  
Fancy, wit and worth disdaining,  
Gives the prize to Harlequin.

If the virgin's false, forgive her,  
Fancy was your only foe:  
Cupid claims the dart and quiver,  
But 'tis Fancy twangs the bow.

Song L.

**A**S Chloe ply'd her needle's art,  
A purple drop the spear

28 The Linnet, &c.

Made from her heedless finger smart,  
And from her eye a tear.

Ah might not Chloe by her smart,  
Be taught but mine to feel;  
Mine caus'd by Cupid's piercing dart,  
More sharp to me than steel.

Then I her needle would adore,  
Love's arrow it should be;  
Endu'd with such a noble pow'r,  
To reach her heart for me.

Song LI.

**W**ITHOUT thinking on't, I gain'd  
Thyrza's heart,  
As one evening we danc'd on the sea,  
Without thinking on't either, the youth  
on his part,  
Alas I made a conquest of me.

Then Cupid take care of this ticklish affair,  
Nor leave poor Pastora in thrall,  
Lest the swain should forget, and break off  
as we met,  
Without thinking of it at all.



The Limer, &c.

79

Song LII.

*These Six following Songs are taken from the  
Masque of King Arthur.*

O Peace, sweet Peace I defend,  
Of human woes the friend,  
O charm to rest this troubled life,  
And o'er the land produce smiling  
Thy smile can chase those clouds away,  
From darkest night bring forth the day.  
O Peace, sweet Peace, appear,  
And plant thy olive here.

Song LIII.

HOW blest are our standards, how  
Happy their lot,  
While drums and trumpets are sounding  
Over our host,  
And when we die, 'tis in such a way  
As all the day on our battle and death  
All the night on our gallies, and in every  
ing.

Bright nymphs of Britain with graces at-  
tended,

Let not your days without pleasure expire,  
Honour's but empty, and when youth is  
ended,

All men will praise you, but none will de-  
fire.

Let not youth fly away without content-  
ing,

Age will come time enough for your re-  
penting.

### Song. LIV.

**S**HEPHERDS, shepherds, leave decoy-  
ing,

Pipes are sweet a summer's day;

But a little after toying,

Women have the throat to pay.

Here are marriage vows for signing,

For their marks that cannot write;

After that, without scrupling,

Every and welcome day and night.

### Song. LV.

**H**OW happy the lover!  
How easy his choice!



The Linnett, &c.

How pleasing his pain?  
How sweet to discover,

He fights not in vain!  
For love ev'ry creature

Is form'd by their nature

No joys are above

The pleasures of love.

Song LVI

Reluctant

FAIREST life, all life exceeding,

Seat of pleasures and of loves;

Venus here will dwell her loves,

And furnish her Cytherean loves.

Air.

Cupid from his fav'rite nation,

Care and envy will remove;

Jealousy, that poisonous passion,

And disdain, that dies for love,

Gentle murmurs, never ceasing,

Shall be his love's sweetest song;

Soft devotion, kind affection,

Shall be all the pains he feels;

Ev'ry sigh shall pay his duty,

Grateful ev'ry nymph shall prove;

And as time melts in love's sweet power,

Those shall be renew'd to love.

## Song LVII.

**S**T. George the patron of our isle,  
A soldier and a saint;  
On that suspicious order smile,  
Which love and arms will plant.

Our natives not alone appear,  
To court this martial prize;  
But foreign kings, adopted here,  
Their crowns at home despise.

Our sov'reign high, in royal state,  
His honours shall bestow;  
And sit his throne of glory wait,  
On his commands below.

## Song LVIII.

**T**HE hedges were green, and the ro-  
saries were blown,  
The ladies were making of hay;  
When William was wed, and the flock-  
ing was there,  
To Molly, the queen of the May.

The village assembled, their joys to part  
share,

The bells were all merrily rung;  
 The swains envied him, and the maids  
 envied her,  
 For this couple was handsome and young.

Would folks about court only chide from  
 the heart,

In wedlock love charms would be still;  
 Till death should be their part, they never

Went they hence, the Maids and Will.

A couple so pure, since the days of old

The virgin of light to praise the young

And the leaves to praise the young  
 maid.

### Song LIX

When I was a young man and love was new,  
 The first I saw I loved,  
 And told my love to  
 Like other swains, by Venus led,  
 I fell'd, and hung my simple head,  
 Still hoping to prevail.

My hapless flock were left a prey,  
 Whilst I in groves and meadows stray;  
 As stupid as a log;  
 Or pleas'd to run where'er she bid;  
 To fetch some straggling lamb or kid;  
 As humble as her dog.

When dusky eve drew on, behold,  
 'Twas mine her bleating flock to fold;  
 And, ah! disastrous tale  
 (What will not stupid lovers do!)  
 To milk each night the winking cow,  
 And then bring home the pail!

At last I mur'd, and view'd each swain,  
 That, till now, felt, made by love, was vain;  
 I had lov'd 'em, sigh'd, and wept;  
 Enrag'd, I cur'd each clown with whip,  
 And lov'd I then would live myself,  
 And be a slave no more.

Now free from care, 'as free from love,  
 From fair to fair the plow I move,

To pleasures ever new:  
 Be thus, and they'll resign their charms;  
 An easy conquest to your hand;  
 But fly, if you please.

## Song IX

THE songsters of May  
 Begin the rich lay,  
 And fill all the woods with their song,  
 The groves all around,  
 With their music resound,  
 And they charm all the nymphs, and  
 their swains.

The lark all day long  
 Thrills her sweet-sounding song,  
 The dove and the turtle dove  
 And when comes the cuckoo,  
 To the shepherd's delight,  
 To hear the first nightingale sing.

To ray, blooming thicket,  
 Now all in each song,  
 Of a new vocal race in this grove,  
 To spring forth to you all,  
 Then bend the knee,  
 We chant our praises and love.

On the hill and in the vale,  
 And with birds of our kind,  
 With our lightest voice,  
 Try to wake every bird,  
 Or so teach you to sing.

And lull all your troubles away.

I, a lamer, and young,  
Will pour out my song,  
My song may not be heard all in vain;  
Then take, ye kind fair,  
A poor bird to your care;  
She's such, if you're pleas'd with her strain.

### Song LXL

**B**EST as th' immortal Gods is he,  
The youth who fondly lies by thee,  
And hears and fees thee all the while,  
Silly weak and sweetly frail.

'Twas this heav'd my soul of rest,  
And rais'd such tumults in my breast,  
For while I gaz'd, in transport lost,  
My words were gone, my voice was lost.

My words were gone, my voice was lost,  
My words were gone, my voice was lost,  
My words were gone, my voice was lost,  
My words were gone, my voice was lost.

My words were gone, my voice was lost,  
My words were gone, my voice was lost,  
My words were gone, my voice was lost,  
My words were gone, my voice was lost.



## Song LXII.

*Sweet Willy O.*

**T**HE pride of all nature was sweet Wil-  
ly O,

The first of all swains,

He gladden'd the plains ;

None ever was like to the sweet Willy O.

He sung it so rarely, did sweet Willy O,

Wherever he came,

Whate'er had a name,

Whenever he sung, follow'd sweet Willy O.

He would be a soldier, the sweet Willy O,

When arm'd in the field,

With sword and with shield,

The laurel was won by the sweet Willy O.

He cheer'd them when living, the sweet

Willy O,

When dead, the sweet Willy O,

To part with him, the sweet Willy O,

To part with him, the sweet Willy O,

To part with him, the sweet Willy O,

To part with him, the sweet Willy O,

To part with him, the sweet Willy O,

To part with him, the sweet Willy O,

To part with him, the sweet Willy O,

To part with him, the sweet Willy O,

To part with him, the sweet Willy O,

To part with him, the sweet Willy O,

To part with him, the sweet Willy O,

To part with him, the sweet Willy O,

To part with him, the sweet Willy O,

To part with him, the sweet Willy O,

*Dorus and Cleora. A Cantata.*

## Song LXIII.

*Recitative.*

**C**LEORA sit beneath a shade,  
 Her wanton flocks forget to play:  
 Then listen to the lovely maid,  
 While thus she mourns her husband's  
 stay.

Oh! when with gentlest sighs,  
 Time and love are both asleep,  
 Oh! Dorus would his promise keep,  
 And still awake both time and love.

*Recitative.*

Dorus wing'd with swift desire,  
 Cries halloo o'er the laughing  
 plain,  
 Approaching joys the maid inspire,  
 And thus she meets her parting strain.

Fly care and anguish far away,  
 While pleasure leads this happy day.

Let ev'ry shepherd joyful be,  
And ev'ry pair as happy as we.

Song LXIV.

*In the Character of Judith.*

**V**AIN is beauty's gliding flow,  
Fragrant of a day, an hour,  
Born just to bloom and fade.  
Nor life weak, less vain than it,  
Is the pride of human wit,  
The shadow of a shade!

Song LXV.

*Summer.*

**Y**E have the fragrance of the rose,  
Whose every leafy bud is full,  
Now that the sun is warm and bright,  
Till they are all the same by night.

There is the perfume of the rose,  
Which the cold wind has blown away,  
Which I have seen the wind blow away,  
From the garden of my heart.

Bleating flocks and echoing mountains,  
Verdant meads and chrystal fountains,  
Mossy banks and purling rills,  
Limpid streams and flow'ry hills,

Ev'ry shrub its sweetness spreads,  
Flow'rs now lift their lovely heads :  
And bright Sol's resplendent ray,  
Now proclaims the summer day,

### Song LXVI

**T**HE charms which Myrtille adorn,  
I have strove to resist, but in vain :  
Tho' Phillis may call me foresworn,  
I cannot my passion restrain.

The shepherds may blame me, and say,  
I am fickle, and prone to deceive ;  
Since she is more fair than the May,  
And bright as the star of the eve.

The true, I was given to change,  
And often have swor'd my mind ;  
But no longer, ye nymphs, will I range,  
While Myrtille is generous and kind.

For Phillis I've chosen the wilderness,  
To seek the nest of the dove ;

But a heart, O Myrcilla, like mine,  
Such a plunder would never approve.

For Phillis yon arbour I made,  
To shelter her flocks from the heat;  
But my toil is most sweetly repaid,  
When there with Myrcilla I meet.

### Song LXVII.

*These Five following are taken from Linnet and  
Clarissa.*

Al how delightful is the morning!  
How sweet are the prospects it yields  
Summer luxuriant adorning  
The gardens, the groves, and the fields.

Be grateful to the season,  
Its pleasures let's employ;  
For nature gives, and reason  
Permits us to enjoy.

### Song LXVIII.

NO rob them of strength, which will  
relieve them to be  
By women to fill the day.

Instead of a sword she endu'd them with  
wit,  
And gave them a shield in their beauty.

Sound, sound then the trumpet,  
Both sexes to arms !  
Our tyrants at once, and protectors ?  
We quickly shall see,  
Whether courage or charms,  
Decide for the Helens or Hectora.

### Song LXIX.

Tell you the truth,  
In the days of my youth,  
As mirth and nature led,

I lik'd a glass,  
And I lov'd a lass,  
And I did as youngsters did.

But now I am old,  
With grief be it told,  
I must those freaks forbear ;

For fifty-three,  
I wish you and me,  
A time grown wiser for woe.



Song LXX.

**Z**OUNDS Sir I then I'll tell you with-  
out any jest,  
The thing of all things that I have ever  
dearest;  
A corncomb, a top,  
A dainty stalk-for;  
Who, effeminate and dainty dressed bottom  
to top,  
Looks just like a doll for a milliner's  
shop;  
A thing full of prate,  
All words and conceit,  
All fashion, no weight,  
Who thrusts and takes stuff,  
And carries a staff;  
A minikin,  
Fimikin,  
French powder'd puff;  
And now Sir, I fancy I've told you enough.

Song LXXI

**W**HEN a man of fashion comes  
To herd among his country friends,  
They laugh his looks, his manners.

One hobby gapes, another stuns,  
And all he says, does, eats, drinks, wears,  
Must suit their rustic notions.

But as for this brutish old clown here ;  
Heath why did I ever come down here ?  
The savage will now never quit me :  
Then a concert to take,

For my family's sake,  
I'm in a fine quandary, split and sh-

## Song LXXII

**G**ENTLE youth, ah why this pref-

Why this sigh, fond shepherd what  
Should I yield, you'll flight the blessing,  
Should I follow, you would fly,  
If denying,  
Or complying,

Still we meet reproach from you,  
What can we poor women do

Better far each wish to fulfill

Than to love and lead away

If by pleasing far and near

We poor make our days away

Our changing

Novelty, raptures

**Will we meet again? And if so, what can we put forward?**

**श्री श्री गुरुभ्यो नमः**

## See Also

**Y**

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THE fair in virgin-humre shone,  
 May'st thou, but her beauties on;  
 The warblers sing in livelier strain,  
 And sweeter flow the dews of the plain.  
 When love, a soft burning passion,  
 That kindles the heart, and kindles the brain,  
 Now whips the soul, and now the body,  
 For this is nature's law.

The world is full of beauty,  
 The garden of the world is full of life,  
 And every flower is a child of the sun,  
 Where beauty dwells, and where the heart is true,  
 To see the world, and to see the heart,  
 And to see the heart, and to see the world,  
 For this is nature's law.

Earth was the world, in beauty bright,  
 As the world is now, and as the world will be,  
 Every day is a new day,  
 The world is full of beauty,  
 Then going with a smiling eye,  
 He found a life, and here a life,  
 A smiling life, and here a life,  
 Can be youth's our melody.



Let him be easy, free and gay,  
 Of love he never tir'd,  
 Have always something smart to say,  
 Yet still retain requir'd;  
 Not idle, not vain, not covetous,  
 Not yet too fond to boast,  
 Willing that I should have the power,  
 And please myself in so.

A little civility let him have,  
 From ladies he should not  
 Provided he is not too loose,  
 As ever is recommended;  
 Ten thousand pound a year I like,  
 But if he much can't be,  
 You serve him the best way when  
 I'll be content with three.

His face, we must not if his place,  
 But let it not be fair;  
 The more is better my heart to gain,  
 Who can with this compare;  
 And if I have I will a double change make  
 With this more delicate;  
 Tho' I'm not fond of quality,  
 It shall be so - Obedience.



Song LXXVI

WHAT is beauty when it's  
 A short blooming flower of youth!  
 A flower that blooms in decay,  
 Even when 'tis supported by truth!

But virtue, when beauty is gone,  
 Shines lovely for ever and  
 Gives grace to grace on a throne,  
 And banishes care from the breast.

Ye nymphs that wear the fond smile,  
 And are you are blossoming and gay,  
 Be sure your child care is gentle,  
 For beauty can last but a day.

Song LXXVII

INDULGENT Father, if ever  
 You wish'd a kinder son,  
 O bend in kind compassion,  
 And hear a lover's son.

For tiller, wealth, and pleasure,  
 While others crowd your gates;  
 I ask thee only blessing,  
 For that I love to wait.

## Song LXVIII.

**H**OPE and fear alternate rising,  
 Strive for empire o'er my heart;  
 Every peril now despising,  
 Now at every breath I start.

Teach, ye learned sages, teach me  
 How to stand with the living God;  
 If you've any faith to lend me,  
 Haste, and be the work of God.

Thus, our trials at a distance  
 Willows, flowers, mountains, trees,  
 But in need of their assistance  
 We struggle in pain & tears.

## Song LXXIX.

**A** DREAM ye dreamt that beauty glows  
 Through every winding river  
 Till in some lonely cave you find  
 And ever bloom my faithful friend  
 Flower of the forest was my love  
 Soft as the flying feather's fall  
 Gentle and constant in the dove  
 Blooming as roses in the vale.

## The Lover. 91

Alas! by Tweed my Love I did find  
For not he leav'd the banks behind;  
But ah! the sad and cruel day  
My love, the pride of youth, was  
drown'd.  
Now droops the willow o'er the stream,  
'Bile Bells his ghost in yonder grove,  
Dire fancy paints him in my dream,  
Awake, I mourn my hopeless love.

## Song LXX.

### The Lover's Song.

Oh! my Love, my Love, my Love,  
Long I have been waiting for thee,  
Long I have been waiting for thee,  
Till he was gone, till he was gone,  
Oh! he was gone, till he was gone,  
Oh! he was gone, till he was gone,  
Oh! he was gone, till he was gone,  
Oh! he was gone, till he was gone.

Oh! my Love, my Love, my Love,  
Long I have been waiting for thee,  
Long I have been waiting for thee,  
Till he was gone, till he was gone,  
Oh! he was gone, till he was gone,  
Oh! he was gone, till he was gone,  
Oh! he was gone, till he was gone,  
Oh! he was gone, till he was gone.

Surely the youth was grown very stupid,  
 To think that his love would remain long  
 Unchanged, and still the same.

Tell me ye friends, Tell me ye friends,  
 What'd you do for? Could you do for? Could you do for?  
 Could you do for? What'd you do for? What'd you do for? Could you do for?  
 Could you have served a Lover for?

Soon as I had lost my love,  
 Fool, I for me down and cry'd,  
 Rail'd at fate and curs'd the power  
 That had so soon and so cruelly  
 I am breakfast eat with sorrow,  
 Supperless I went to bed:  
 I'm weary, but no woe,  
 A lucky thought came to my head.

Why should I, my blood-drawing  
 Vex and waste my soul away?  
 No—the future is life enough,  
 I will take the future of May,  
 Just like the rose, she has sprung from her,  
 Blooming and smiling at every wind,  
 So China's roses'd up to the sun,  
 They're now fresh to grow and shine.

Tell me ye friends, Tell me ye friends,  
 Could you do for? What'd you do for?  
 Could you do for? What'd you do for? What'd you do for?  
 Could you have served a Lover for?

Wanton with the jocund season,  
 Long to wed me shepherds prest,  
 Jocky saw, and native Reason  
 Struck the fickle shepherd's breast :  
 In his turn the youth laming,  
 Sigh'd and sob'd, and sob'd and sigh'd,  
 Prest my hand, (my heart relenting)  
 Hard, Oh hard to be deny'd!

At my feet, ye maids believe me,  
 Soon I saw my lovely swain ;  
 Cou'd those tears, those looks deceive me ?  
 Must they, — can they plead in vain ?  
 No — Chast's refuse'd to follow the fashion,  
 For Love, only Love, is the cordial of life ;  
 Jocky with transport embrac'd the occasion,  
 And made me by wedlock his Lover and  
 Wife.

Mind it ye maids, mind it ye swains ;  
 Can't ye do so ? Won't ye do so ?  
 Mind ye — Won't ye — Won't ye — Mind ye,  
 Mind that ye serve your Lovers so.

## Song LXXXI.

**H**ER sheep had in clusters crept close  
 To the grove,  
 To hide from the rigour of day,  
 And Phillis herself in a woodbine alcove,  
 Among the sweet violets lay;  
 A young one, it seems, had been stole  
 From its dam,  
 ('Twixt Hymen and Cupid's plot)  
 That Corydon, passing that way for his  
 lamb,  
 Might arrive at the critical spot.

As thro' the green hedge for his lambkin  
 he peeps,  
 He sees the dear maid with surprise;  
 Ye Gods! if so killing (he cries) what  
 she does,  
 I'm lost if she opens her eyes:  
 To tarry much longer would hazard my  
 life;  
 I'll conceal my lambkin no more.—  
 In vain would Corydon strive to depart,  
 For Love had him nail'd to the place.



Hush,—hush'd be those birds, what a  
 chirping they keep!

(He cries) you're too loud on the spray:  
 Don't you see, foolish lark, that my  
 charmer's asleep,

You'll 'wake her as sure as 'tis day.  
 How dare that fond butterfly touch the  
 fair maid,

But her cheek he mistakes for the rose,  
 I'd pat him to death, if I was not afraid  
 My boldness wou'd break her repose.

Then Phillis look'd up with a languishing  
 smile,

Fond shepherd, says she, you mistake;  
 I only lay down here to rest me awhile,  
 And, trust me, have long been awake.  
 The shepherd took courage, advanc'd  
 with a bow,

And plac'd himself close by her side:  
 He manag'd the matter, I cannot tell how,  
 But yesterday made her his bride.



## Song LXXXII.

*A Pastoral Dialogue.**Colin and Phillis.*

**H**ARK! hark o'er the plains! what  
glad tidings we hear!

How gay all the nymphs and the shep-  
herds appear!

With myrtles and roses new-deck'd are  
the bow'rs,

'And every bush bears a garland of  
flow'rs!

I can't, for my life, what it means under-  
stand,

There's some rural festival surely at hand,  
Not harvest, nor sheep-shearing now can

take place;

But Phillis will tell me the truth of the  
case.

*Phillis.*

The truth, honest lad, why you surely  
must know

What rites are prepar'd in the village be-

Where the gallant young Thyrza, to  
 find it and love it  
 Weds Daphne the sister of Corin our friend.  
 That Daphne whose beauty, good nature  
 and ease  
 All judgments can hit, and all fancies can  
 please;  
 That Corin—but praise must the matter  
 give over,  
 You know what he is, and I need say no  
 more.

*Colin.*

Young Thyrza too claims all that ho-  
 nour can lend,  
 Her country-mens glory, their champion  
 and friend;  
 But such slight memorials scarce speak his  
 deserts,  
 And, trust me, his name is engrav'd on  
 their hearts:—

*Phillis.*

But hence to the bridal, behold how they  
 throng,  
 Each shepherd conducting his fair one a-  
 long:  
 The joyous occasion all nature inspires,  
 With cheerful affections and conjugal  
 fires.

Reth.

Ye Pow'rs that o'er conjugal union pre-  
side,

All-gracious look down on the bridegroom  
and bride:

That beauty, and virtue and valour may  
may shine,

In a race like themselves, with no end to  
the line. —

May honour and riches, and glory and  
praise,

Unceasing attend them thro' numerous  
days,

And whilst in a palace Fate fixes their lot,

O may they live easy as those in a cot.

## Song LXXXIII.

**Y**E. mules attend, and each one stand  
my friend,

Nor think I would make you my  
drudge;

But only for once lend your aid to a  
dunce,

To sing in the praise of Miss Mudge.

Her equal to find, you may search till  
you're blind,

And till you're bare-foot may trudge,

To follow or meet, you ne'er saw so  
sweet,

So delightful a girl as Miss Mudge.

So engaging and sweet, she ne'er trips  
thro' the street,

But all women her beauty must grudge;

Swains are struck with surprize when they  
gaze on her eyes,

And think of nought else but Miss Mudge.

When I sit by her side, I am just as if ty'd,

And never know when I can budge;

Her beauty so charms, and her wit so a-  
larms,

I could listen whole days to Miss Mudge.

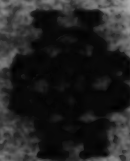
You that liquor can quaff, may think that  
I laugh,

By Cupid I'm grave as a judge:

You may think a whole day, and make a  
long day;

But I'd spend ev'ry night with Miss Mudge.

THE END OF THE FIRST PART.





The SECOND PART of

THE

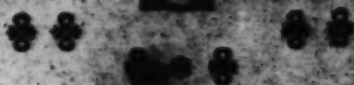
# Chearful Linnet:

CONTAINING

HUNTING and RACHANALIAN

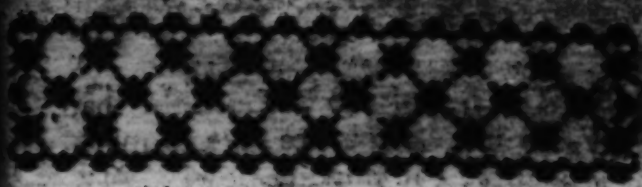
## SONGS,

Catches, Glee's, Epigrams,  
Toasts and Sentiments.



Printed in the Year 1771.





## Song LXXXIII.

**F**LY swiftly, ye minutes, 'till Comus  
 receive  
 The nameless soft transports that beauty  
 can give ;  
 The bowl's frolic joys let him teach her  
 to prove,  
 And she in return yield the raptures of  
 love.

Without love and wine wit and beauty  
 are vain,  
 Power and grandeur insipid, and riches a  
 pain :  
 The most splendid palace grows dark as  
 the grave ;  
 Love and wine give, ye gods, or take back  
 what ye gave.

34 The Lingst. 13c.

SONG LXXXIV.

WHILE of life we hold the span,  
What can nature give to man,  
Waters than the flowing bowl?

Sparkling with the luscious spoil,  
Of the ripen'd vintage-hoill,  
Sight reviving to the soul!

Let my cup run o'er the brim,  
In it ev'ry pleasure swim;  
Let me gulp 'em, gulp 'em down;

Then I'll be a match for care,  
Take what shape he will or dare,  
Beauty, honour, or a crown.

Love's a light, fantastic god,  
Full of vain chimeras odd;  
Watch him, I thy shrine adore;

Titles, riches let me 'scape,  
Lovely, clust'ring, purple grape,  
Give me that, I ask no more.

Twist me and the dreary grave,  
Not one single frown I'll have,  
Daddy Time, as thou shalt see:

But when 'tpleaseth gentle fate,  
Call me soon, or call me late,  
Laughing, I'll reel home to thee.

## Song. LXXXV.

**G**IVE us glasses, my wench,  
Give us wine, and we'll quench  
The remembrance of pain and of grief;  
To the winds with our care,  
For we'll never despair,  
While a bottle can give us relief.

In our revels and joy,  
We'll forget the proud boy,  
Let the Lagoon its miracles work;  
For as hollow I find,  
As the bottle her mind,  
And her heart is as light as a cork.

Ariadne the gay,  
In despair, as they say,  
For the bully that left her behind,  
Would have hang'd, or have drown'd,  
But in Bacchus she found  
A new lover, as constant as kind.

These are fables, my dear,  
But the moral is clear,  
It was wine that her peace did restore;  
When he left the poor lass,  
Why, she took to her glass,  
And she never remember'd him more.

## Song LXXXVI.

**O**NCE the Gods of the Greeks at an  
 ambrosial feast,  
 Large bowls of rich nectar were quaffing,  
 Merry Momus among them was set as a  
 guest,  
 Homer says the Cælestials love laughing.  
 On each in the synod the humourist  
 droll'd,  
 So none could his jokes disapprove;  
 He sung, repartee'd, and some smart stories  
 told,  
 And at last thus began upon Jove.

"Sire Atlas, who long has the uni-  
 "verse bore,  
 "Grows grievously tir'd of late,  
 "He says that mankind are much worse  
 "than before,  
 "So he begs to be eas'd of their weight."  
 Jove knowing the earth on poor Atlas was  
 hard,  
 From his shoulders commanded the ball,  
 Gave his daughter Attraction the charge  
 of the world,  
 And she hung it up high in her hall.



The Farmer's Tale

87

Life, plant'd with the perfect, sowing'd  
the globe round.

To see what each climate was worth,  
Like a diamond, the whole with an at-  
mosphere bound.

And she variously planted the earth :

With silver, gold, jewels, the India en-  
dow'd,

France and Spain she taught vineyards to  
rear,

What suited each clime on each clime she  
bestow'd,

And Freedom she found flourish'd here.

Four Cardinal virtues she left in this  
isle,

As guardians to cherish the root ;  
The blossoms of Liberty early 'gan smile,  
And Englishmen fed on the fruit :

Thus fed, and thus bred, from a bounty  
so rare,

O preserve it as free as 'twas given !  
We will while we've breath ; nay, we'll  
grasp it in death ; —

Then return it unstained to Heav'n.

Q. Q. Q.

## ACT XXXV.

### The Unani.

**P**USH the bottle down, boys, our spi-  
rits 'twill rise;  
I'll sip of the juice, while great Bacchus  
I praise:  
I'm ever devoted to kneel at his shrine,  
The God I adore,—for the sake of his  
wine.

And dear Venus a while now our time  
shall employ,  
For love without wine is the scourge of  
our joy;  
We cannot be happy completely with  
wine,  
Unless the god Bacchus with Venus we  
join.

Let the dull-thinking miser sigh over  
his pelf,  
What he adds to the heap he but steals  
from himself;  
While we imitate the gods Bacchus and  
Jove,  
And dash our champagne with the plea-  
sures of love.

THE LIFE OF

A FINE OLD

**E**V'ry morn'g I rise, I rise, I rise,  
To see to what's to be done, I rise,  
At arch their ad'vice, I rise, I rise,  
And I rise, I rise, I rise, I rise,  
And my pleasure, I rise, I rise, I rise,

Then as I rise, I rise, I rise, I rise,  
And I rise, I rise, I rise, I rise,  
Then as I rise, I rise, I rise, I rise,  
And I rise, I rise, I rise, I rise,  
And I rise, I rise, I rise, I rise,

When my pleasure, I rise, I rise, I rise,  
And I rise, I rise, I rise, I rise,  
When my pleasure, I rise, I rise, I rise,  
I rise, I rise, I rise, I rise, I rise,  
I rise, I rise, I rise, I rise, I rise,  
I rise, I rise, I rise, I rise, I rise,



Then I think of my beauty, and as each hand  
 For my beauty is dear to the gods of the land  
 Thus the eyes of the gods are on me, and  
 And my pleasure comes to my eyes and my hand.

### Song LXXXIX

**L** EAD me, lead me to the hill,  
 Of Bacchus, because you are wild.  
 Pickup, virgin, take my hand,  
 Lead me on, I cannot stand.  
 Come, ye virgins, round my hand,  
 Bind your breasts, quickly bind.  
 Let them off my delicate hand,  
 As ye bind them round my hand.  
 Then lead me on, I cannot stand,  
 Take me going by the hand,  
 And bring me to the god of wine,  
 There I'll roll before his shrine.

Like a wine,

Like a wine,

Then I'll roll before his shrine.

### Song XC

**C** ARE like from the hill that is merry,  
 Whose heart is as sound,  
 And as sound and as red as a cherry.

**B**ACCHUS will now his power display  
I am the only god of wine;  
It is not fit that wretch should be  
In competition set with me,  
Who can drink ten times more than he.

Make a new world, ye powers divine,  
Stock it with nothing else but wine;  
Let wine the only produce be,  
Let wine be such, be dry and fat,  
And let that wine be all for me.

Let wretched mortals vainly wear  
A tedious life in anxious care,  
Let the ambitious toil and think,  
Let states and empires swim or sink,  
My soul's ambition is to drink.

### Song XCII

**A**S tipsy John was joggling on,  
Upon a riot night,  
With twinkling pace, and fiery face,  
Suspicious of high flight:  
The guards, who took him by his look  
For some other fiery brand,  
Ask'd whence he came, what was his name,  
Who are you? Stand, friend, stand.



John thought it wise to purge his vision,  
And said, My chief intent  
Was to avenge my thirty years,  
I th' meeting that I meant.

Come friend, be plain, you talk in verse,  
Say one, pray let us know,  
That we may find how you're inclin'd,  
Are you high church, or low?  
John said to that, I'll tell you what,  
To end debate and strife,  
All I can say, this is the way  
I live my course of life.

I ne'er to Bow nor Bishops go,  
To people-house nor hall;  
The brisk bar bell best suits my ear,  
With—Gentlemen, d'ye call?  
Goes then, am I low church or high,  
From that tower, or no tower,  
Whose merry toll exalts the soul,  
And must make high—low people!

The guards came on, and look'd at John,  
With countenance most pleasant,  
By whisper round they all soon found,  
He was no dancing & poet:

THE LINDEN, &c.

Then will John Good, who best he can  
Keeping their doctrine,  
Dance his, sing one, let him be gone;  
He's of our own religion.

Song XCIII.

**O**LD Chiron thus preach'd to his pu-  
pil Achilles,  
I'll tell thee, young Greekish man, what the  
fates will be  
You, my boy, shall go  
(The gods will have it so)  
To the city of Troy;  
Thence never to return to Greece again,  
But before those walls to be slain.  
Let not your noble courage be cast down,  
But all the while you lie before that town  
Drink and drive care away,  
Drink and be merry;  
You'll never go the rounder to the Stygian  
ferry.

Song XCIV.

**T**HE Swain with his flock by a Wood  
Now loves to rest,  
With sweet rural days to drive grief from  
his breast;

The beggar, begg'd to be, is pleas'd to be  
a beggar.

The Briton, lov'd for gold, and the miser, lov'd  
for gold :

The pleasures I chuse yield more joy to my soul,  
The delight of my heart is a full flowing bowl.

The huntsman, fatigu'd with the toil of  
the chase,

By the side of a fountain delights to so-  
lace;

At his mistress's feet the fond lover to  
whine,

The beau at a play or assembly to shine :

The pleasures I chuse, &c.

My Chloë's in raptures to hear herself  
prais'd,

His ardour on hear that his mistress is  
rais'd;

These nymphs love the town, and in par-  
els to please,

And these these shades, with a lover, can  
please :

The pleasures I chuse, &c.

Some eat love, some coffee, some dice,  
and some tea;

Some talking, some music, some dancing,  
some play :

That choice one calls there's a pleasure  
in you,  
Which none else follows, with respect  
to you.

The pleasure I shall, &c.

### Song XCV.

COME rouse brother-sportmen, the  
hunters all cry,  
We've got a strong scent and a favouring  
sky;  
The horn's sprightly notes, and the lark's  
early song  
Will chide the dull sportsman for sleeping  
so long.

Bright Phoebus has shewn us the glimp  
of his face,  
Peep'd in at our windows, and call'd us  
to the chase;  
His team will be up, see his dawn wear  
his way,  
And makes the fields blush with the heat  
of his ray.

Sweet Molly may tease you, perhaps,  
lie down,  
And if you refuse her, perhaps, the  
frown;

But tell her, Sweet love, that to hunting  
give place,  
For as well as her charms there are charms  
in the chase.

Look yonder, look yonder, old Reynard  
I spy,  
At his brush nimbly follow brisk Chanter  
and Fly ;  
They seize on their prey ; see his eye-  
balls they roll ;  
We're in at the death, now let's home to  
the bowl.

There we'll fill up our glasses, and toast  
to the king,  
From a bumper fresh loyalty ever will  
spring ;  
To George, peace and plenty may Heaven  
dispense,  
And fox-hunters flourish a thousand years  
hence.

### Song XCVI.

**F**REE from the bustle, care, and strife  
Of this short, variegated life,  
Oh let me spend my days

To whom I may confide with a friend,  
To whom my mind I may unbend,  
Near converse bleed, or praise.

Riches bring cares, I ask not wealth,  
Let me enjoy but peace and health,  
I envy not the great;  
'Tis these alone can make me blest;  
The riches take of east and west,  
I claim not these, or state.

Tho' not extravagant, or near,  
But thro' the well-spent, checquer'd year,  
I'd have enough to live;  
To drink a bottle with a friend,  
Assist him in distress, ne'er lend,  
But rather freely give.

I too would wish,---to sweeten life,  
A gentle, kind, good-natur'd wife,  
Young, sensible, and fair;  
One who could love but me alone,  
Prefer my cot to e'er a throne,  
And sooth my ev'ry care.

Thus happy with my wife and friend,  
My life I chearfully would spend,  
With no vain thoughts oppress'd:  
If Heav'n has bliss for me in store,  
O grant me this, I ask no more,  
And I am truly blest.



Song XCII.

**W**ITH women and wine I defy ev'ry  
care,  
For life, without these, is a bubble of air;  
Each helping the other, in pleasure I roll,  
And a new flow of spirits enlivens my soul.

Let grave, sober mortals my maxims  
condemn,  
I never shall alter my conduct for them;  
I care not how much they my measures  
decline,  
Let 'em have their own humours, and I  
will have mine.

Wine prudently us'd will our senses  
improve,  
'Tis the spring-tide of life, and the fuel of  
love;  
For Venus ne'er look'd with a smile to di-  
vine,  
As when Mars bound his head with a  
bunch from the vine.

Then come, my dear charmer, thou  
nymph half-divine,  
First pledge me with kisses, next pledge  
me with wine;



Song XCIX.

**T**HE echoing horn calls the sportsmen  
abroad,  
To horse, my brave boys, and away,  
The morning is up, and the cry of the  
hounds

Uprais'd our too tedious delay ;  
What pleasure we feel in pursuing the fox !  
O'er hill and o'er valley he flies ;  
Then follow, we'll soon overtake him,  
Huzza !

The traitor is seiz'd on, and dies.

Triumphant returning at night with the  
spoils,

Like Bacchanals, shouting and gay,  
How sweet with a bottle and lass to re-  
fresh,

And lose the fatigues of the day :  
With sport, love, and wine, fickle fortune  
defy,

Dull wisdom all happiness sours ;  
Since life is no more than a passage at best,  
Let's strew the way over with flowers.

Song C.

**D**IOGENES, surly and proud,  
Who snarl'd at the Macedonian youth,

Delighted in wine that was good,  
Because good wine there was truth;  
But growing as poor as a Job,  
Unable to purchase a flask,  
He chose for his mansion a tub,  
And liv'd by the scent of the cask.

HERACLITUS ne'er would deny  
A bumper, to cherish his heart;  
And when he was maudlin would cry,  
Because he had empty'd his quart:  
The' some are so foolish to think  
He wept at mens follies and vice,  
'Twas only his custom to drink,  
'Till the liquor flow'd out of his eyes.

DEMOCRITUS always was glad,  
To tittle, and cherish his soul,  
Would laugh like a man that was mad,  
When over a good flowing bowl:  
As long as his cellar was stor'd,  
The liquor he'd merrily quaff:  
And when he was drunk at a lord,  
At those who were sober he'd laugh.

Wise SOLON, who carefully gave  
Good laws unto Athens of old,  
And thought the rich Croesus a slave,  
(Tho' a king) to his coffers of gold.

He delighted in plentiful bowls,  
But drinking much, till he would drowse,  
Because 'twas the custom of fools,  
To prattle much over their wine.

Old SOCRATES ne'er was content,  
'Till a bottle had heighten'd his joys,  
Who in's cups to the oracle went,  
Or he ne'er had been 'counted so wise :  
Late hours he most certainly lov'd,  
Made wine the delight of his life,  
Or Xantippe would never have prov'd  
Such a damnable scold of a wife.

Grave SENECA, fam'd for his parts,  
Who tutor'd the bully of Rome,  
Grew wise o'er his cups and his quarts,  
Which he drank like a miser at home ;  
And, to shew he lov'd wine that was good,  
To the last, (we may truly aver it)  
He tir'd out his bath with his blood,  
So fancy'd he died in his claret.

PYTHAGORAS did silence enjoin,  
On his pupils who wisdom did seek,  
Because he tippled good wine,  
'Till himself was unable to speak :  
And when he was whimsical grown,  
With sipping his plentiful bowls,

By the strength of the juice in his crown,  
He convey'd transmigration of souls.

**COPERNICUS** too, like the rest,  
Believ'd there was wisdom in wine,  
And thought that a cup of the best,  
Made reason the brighter to shine:  
With wine he replenish'd his veins,  
And made his philosophy reel,  
Then fancy'd the world, like his brains,  
Turn'd round like a chariot-wheel.

**ARISTOTLE**, that master of arts,  
Had been but a dunce without wine,  
And what we ascribe to his parts,  
Is due to the juice of the vine:  
His belly, most writers agree,  
Was big as a watering-trough,  
He therefore leapt into the sea,  
Because he'd have liquor enough.

Old **PLATO** was reckon'd divine,  
He fondly to wisdom was prone;  
But had it not been for good wine,  
His merits had never been known:  
By wine we are generous made,  
It furnishes fancy with wings,  
Without it we ne'er should have had  
Philosophers, poets, nor kings.

• • •





If the world's gold could give  
 Me a longer time to live,  
 I'd employ my utmost care,  
 Still to keep, and still to spare;  
 And when Death approach'd, would say  
 "Take thy fee and walk away."

But since riches cannot save  
 Mortals from the dusty grave,  
 Why should I never deceive,  
 Vainly sigh, and vainly grieve?  
 Death will surely be my lot,  
 Whether I am rich or not.

Give me then freely, while I live,  
 God's true wish, in plenty give;  
 Letting joys my life be clear,  
 Plenty kind, and love sincere:  
 Happy, could I ever find  
 Friends sincere, and lovers kind.



The Hunt

102

Stanzas

HARK the horn calls—come!  
Come the prize; come the prey;  
Wake to music that wakes the forest;  
Quit the bondage of flesh and wife.

From the call leaves the moon;  
See the sun-burnt above  
The wild hawk and the mountain falcon  
Sharply open the forest bound,  
The dead eagle is the found,  
And the hawk, and the vulture reply.

Our forefathers, so good,  
Prove'd their greatness of blood,  
By conquering the past and the hour;  
Ruddy health blood of the late,  
Eye and youth wry'd the chase,  
And caught woodlands and forests to roam.

Heroes of noble descent,  
Hills and wilds we frequent,  
Where the bottom of nature's reveal'd;  
That in life's busy day,  
Man of man makes a prey,  
Will let ours be the prey of the field.



To the morning star  
What joy from you we have  
To hys the morning star  
Nor want the pale, nor the red  
Nor dross, nor gold, nor silver  
The brisk, the bold, the young, the gay  
All hys to the morning star  
Uncounted times the morning star  
And dross, nor gold, nor silver  
Till day-light comes, we have and play  
And pass to the morning star  
When the sun is high, and the moon is low  
And the morning star is in the sky  
Tomorrow's morning star  
And again to the morning star

Song CXL

BY the morning star, and the morning star  
The morning star is in the sky  
For the morning star  
Their merry waker and the morning star  
What has night to do with the morning star  
Night has better waker and the morning star  
You now waker, and the morning star  
Come, let us our new begin  
Tis only day-light that makes the morning star

## SONG CXL

*That the following are taken from Mr. Taylor's New Songs, just published.*

WHILE seated by Down, a wealthy young  
Of his riches and his goods proud  
He boasts, that he is rich and of the good place,  
He only will be with his pack  
He will not be with  
Of his wealth and goods,  
And will be with his pack;  
He will be with his pack;  
He will be with his pack;  
But not like a Lover of Fashion.

But Colin was full of his quibbles and jokes,  
Makes fun of, and laughs and smiles;  
He says, they say, that the young people say,  
And know all their rights and wrongs;  
The Goddess of Love  
He calls from above,  
To win him, to win his passion;  
Without any complying,  
He swears that he's dying,  
And woe like a Lover of Fashion.

So winning his looks, with such languor he fights,



And with a lowly voice he sang,  
 I have no more to say to you,  
 And with a lowly voice he sang,

(He sang the song of the people)

He sang of all things  
 Commonly and lowly  
 And with a lowly voice he sang

# SONG CIVIL

**S**WIFT as the wind, swift as the flame,  
 Swift as the lightning, swift as the rain;  
 Swift as the wind, swift as the flame,  
 Swift as the lightning, swift as the rain;  
 Swift as the wind, swift as the flame,  
 Swift as the lightning, swift as the rain;  
 Swift as the wind, swift as the flame,  
 Swift as the lightning, swift as the rain;

Swift as the wind, swift as the flame,  
 Swift as the lightning, swift as the rain;  
 Swift as the wind, swift as the flame,  
 Swift as the lightning, swift as the rain;  
 Swift as the wind, swift as the flame,  
 Swift as the lightning, swift as the rain;  
 Swift as the wind, swift as the flame,  
 Swift as the lightning, swift as the rain;

END

THE LYONESSE

**D**OUBT the morning and evening  
 Of the black, or the vermilion's role,  
 Doubt the green is true and so be blue,  
 Or the farnet that lilies disclose:  
 Doubt the rose, or the myrtle to be white,  
 Doubt the tree that you see in the  
 Doubt the fruit of the vine to be bright,  
 But O never doubt that I love you;  
 Doubt the wind that freshens your ear,  
 Or the water that flows in your ear,  
 Doubt the dew that falls on your hair,  
 Or the sun that shines on your face;  
 Doubt the counsel of trust, or the love,  
 Or confidence, or anything to be true;  
 Doubt that nothing can ever be true,  
 But O never doubt that I love you.

THE LYONESSE

**H**ARK! Hark! the joy-inspiring  
 Echoes the ruddy, rising morn,  
 And echoes thro' the dale:

## EPIGRAMS, &amp;c.

*On our Imitating the French.*

Ourselves with *Parisian* fops, I condemn,  
For thy copy monkies, and we copy them.

*On a bad Preacher.*

With such velocity of empty sound,  
Thou pour'st forth nonsense on the audience  
round ;

It seems as if some *demon* fir'd thy breast,  
If not, at least the pulpit is possess'd. —

Thou art the *demon* whom we all implore,  
Once to come out, and enter it no more.

*The Confessor.*

A confessor I met t'other day very jolly,  
Who observ'd, ' When a man has committed a  
• folly,

By submitting to faith, he lies quickly to me,

• When, confessing his guilt, I can soon set  
him free ;

• But unfortunate me, when a crime I have

• Consolation's deny'd me by every one ;

114      **The Linnet, &c.**

• In which case I must, if from grief I escape,  
• Take comfort myself, in the juice of the  
    grape.

---

*On our modern Comedies.*

No wonder play-wrights swarm in these blest  
    days ;  
*Sermons*, they find, are easier made than *Plays*.

---

*On Timothy Mum, a Tapster.*

Here Tim the tapster lies, who drew good beer,  
    But now drawn to his end, he draws no more,  
Yet still he draws from ev'ry friend a tear,  
    Water he draws who drew good beer before.

---

*On an Old-Maid.*

Beneath this silent stone is laid,  
A noisy, antiquated maid,  
Who from her cradle talk'd till death,  
And ne'er before was out of breath.  
Whither she's gone we cannot tell,  
For if she talks not, she's in hell.  
If she's in heav'n she's there unblest,  
Because she hates a place of rest.

---

*On an Undertaker.*

Subdn'd by Death, here death's great herald  
    lies,  
And adds a trophy to his victories :

Yet sure he was prepar'd, who while he'd  
 breath,  
 Made it his business still to look for death.

---

With folded hands and lifted eyes,  
 "Have mercy, Heav'n," the parson cries;  
 "And on our sun-burnt, thirsty plains,  
 Thy blessings send in genial Rains."  
 The sermon ended, and the pray'rs,  
 The parson to be gone prepares;  
 When with a look brighten'd in smiles,  
 "Thank Heav'n it rains," quoth farmer Giles:  
 "Rains!" quo' the parson, "sure you joke;  
 "Rains! Heav'n forbid; I han't my cloak.

---

A *Yorkshire* 'squire, with looks that sneer'd  
 forth scorn,  
 Cries,---Prithee, honest friend, where were  
 you born?  
 In *Ireland* faith, (cries *Patrick*) nor would I,  
 Ev'n tho in *Yorkshire* born, the Truth deny.

---

*An Epitaph.*

Let none dare approach who in birth are de-  
 ficient;  
 A *Welshman* lies here--that is reason sufficient.

# AN ALPHABETICAL LIST OF THE SONGS.

## First Line

## Song

### A

Busy humble bee am I	22
Ask if you damask rose be sweet	29
Ah, why must words my flame reveal	30
As tinkling Tom thro' streets, &c.	33
As Chloe ply'd her needle's art	50
Ah how delightful is the morning	67
Adieu ye streams that ever flow	79
As tippling John was jogging on	92

### B.

By my sighs you may discover	16
Blest as th' Immortal Gods is he	61
Bacchus must now his power resign	91
By dimpled brook and fountain brim	106

### C.

Cleora fate beneath a shade,	6
Care flies from the lad that is merry	9
Come rouse brother sportsmen, &c.	9

### D.

Diogenes surly and proud	10
Decrepit winter limpt away	10
Doubt the morning and evening dew	10

### E.

Ev'ry mortal some favourite pleasure, &c.	8
---	---



## A List of Songs

Fairer than the spring lilies	10
Fair's my Lucy in the day	12
Fair Kitty beautiful and young	14
For ever Fortune wilt thou grow	16
Fancy leads the fetter'd senses	18
Fairest isle, all isles exceeding	19
Fly swiftly ye minutes till Comus arrive	23
Free from the bustle, care and strife	26

### G.

Gentle youth ah tell me why	13
Grant me ye pow'r in a calm repose	18
Go rose, my Chloë's beauteous grace	47
Gentle youth, ah why this parting	20
Give us glasses, my wench	25

### H.

How pleasing dear wallack appear, &c.	6
Had I but the wings of a dove	29
How blest are our shepherds, &c.	53
How happy the lover	55
Hope and fear alternate rising	28
Hark sheep had in clusters, &c.	21
Hark, hark o'er the plain	22
Hark, the horn calls away	103

### I.

In love should there meet a fond pair	2
In Cleora then my own	13
In vain you tell your parting lover	11
In infancy our hopes and fears	25
In the lovely, the joy of each swain	36
Indulgent Pow'r if ever	77

# A List of Songs

If the treasur'd gold could give	100
Know, Fortune, if thou mean'st to give	72
L.	
Like the cheerful linnet gay	80
Long young Jocky toy'd and sported	80
Lead me, lead me to the shrine	90
Let gay ones and great	20
M.	
My Jocky is the blytheft lad	30
My days have been so wond'rous free	9
N.	
No more the festive train I'll join.	27
Now cowslips and primroses, &c.	
O.	
Oh Liberty, Liberty, Liberty	45
O peace, sweet peace descend	52
Once the gods of the Greeks, &c.	86
Old Chiron thus preach'd, &c.	93
P.	
Phaw tell me no more of the lily	17
Pæbus meaner themes disdaining	20
Push the bottle about boys, &c.	87
S.	
Sweet thrush that mak'st the vernal year	26
Shepherds, shepherds, leave decoying	54
St George the patron of our isle	57
Sweet are the banks when early spring	100
T.	
The heavy hours are almost past	
Tender virgins shun deceivers	

## A List of Songs.

The soldier's death's alarm	14
This cold busy world is not what have—	21
The silver upon a cushion & down	22
Twos when the seas were roaring	35
'Tis liberty, dear liberty alone	40
The songsters of May	60
The hedges were green, &c.	58
The charms which Myrtilla adorns	66
The pride of all parents is great Willy O	62
To rob them of strength when wife, &c.	68
To tell you the truth	69
The sun in virgin-lustre shone	76
The swain with his flock by a brook, &c.	94
The echoing horn calls the sportsman, &c.	99
The card invites, in crowds we fly	105

### V.

Vows of love should ever bind	15
Vain is beauty's gaudy show'r	64

### W.

Whilst on thy dear bosom lying	3
Water parted from the sea	3
Why quits the merchant blest with ease	8
When first simple Strephon	28
Why heaves my fond bosom, Ah what, &c.	32
Whilst to the distant vale I wing	41
With Delia ever I could stay	42
Would you gain the tender creature	43
Where is pity's melting eye	44
When here Lucinda first we came	46
Without thinking on't	51
When first by pow'ful love subdu'd	59



